

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 193. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1847.

PRICE 1½d.

BEING AND SEEMING.

It has often struck me as remarkable, in regard to the great question of social happiness, that while so much stress is laid upon the sayings and doings supposed to promote or prevent it, such slight attention should be paid to the state of those deep inner agencies of thought and feeling which silently and secretly are producing by far the greater part of human weal or woe.

Children, and young persons in general, are involuntary and wonderful expositors of the interior nature of those with whom they have to deal. In vain would a sour morose-tempered person array his face in smiles, and offer the most tempting baits to procure their favourable notice. It may be granted him for the moment, in order to secure some proffered pleasure; but honest instinct, long before intelligence is mature enough to define the nature of sympathy or antipathy, will prompt the recoil which unamiable tempers always suggest. As acutely and rapidly also will these intuitive critics take the measure of the mind, and the value of the principles of those who are deputed to govern them. You expect, Mrs or Miss Teacher, as the case may be, that all your excellent precepts and instructions will be as earnestly and satisfactorily received by your pupils as they are delivered by you. Not a shadow of doubt enters your well-intentioned imagination respecting their entire conviction of your being yourself as admirable and praiseworthy a person as you are so strenuously recommending them individually to become: but be assured, my friend, that if you are not at heart a lover and practiser of the principles you advocate, your exhortations will be to them but 'as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.' The under-current of *realities* is quietly and unconsciously sweeping away with it all the chaff that lies upon the surface, and with unerring sureness will land you exactly in the place and position that belong to you, both as regards your pupils and everybody else.

'Nobody,' it is said, 'is a hero to his valet-de-chambre;' but more truly may it be affirmed that nobody is a deceiver to those with whom he dwells. The atmosphere of spirit is the most potent of all atmospheres; and not more surely does the sun radiate light and heat, than the inner nature of the human being radiates its actual condition on all within its sphere.

What, then, will be the practical inference to deduce from these considerations? Would you like to know, sweet, hopeful seventeen, with but little brought away from the boarding-school (excepting, perhaps, your knowledge of arithmetic) that can be of much service to you in your journey through life? The practical inference, then, is, that you should aim to *be*, rather than to *seem*; and to think and feel rightly, rather than to express yourself so; and this not merely because

you would thereby be fulfilling your duty, but because it is of no avail to do otherwise.

'Of no avail!' methinks I hear you exclaim, as in the rapid glance of thought you scan the number of pretty things—rather of the nature of phantasmagoria, indeed, than otherwise—which you have been taught to store up in your mind, as a kind of stock in trade, wherewith to traffic for the notice and admiration of your fellow-creatures. 'What! all my pretty smiles and curtsies at one fell swoop?' Alas! they may be, and no doubt they are, exceedingly pretty things; and, as our friends over the Atlantic might say, 'a considerable deal' of talk and excitement they may occasion in your behalf. But after all, you will find them only holiday things, merely to be put on and taken off with the company attire. It is not the talk and excitement which you or your accomplishments may occasion that will stamp your real acceptance with your fellow-creatures, any more than it is the pelting rain of a thunder shower that fertilises and refreshes the earth during the heats of summer; but just as by the noiseless and imperceptible falling of dew or of blight the real growth or decay of vegetation is produced, so by the silent but continuous emanations which proceed from your innermost habits of temper and feeling, will you really and enduringly, although unconsciously, exert your allotted influence in your allotted sphere.

'But what influence can I, or do I wish to exert,' you will perhaps reply, 'beyond that of making myself pleasant and agreeable to my immediate friends and connexions?' To which I must answer, that the strongest influence you or any one else can exert, is not necessarily nor generally that which is designed or desired to be established over the minds of others; because, comparatively speaking, but few persons, whatever may be the import of their words and deeds, either design or desire that the real workings of their thoughts and feelings should have any influence; although these, as I have already affirmed, are silently doing the work of our actual influence over each other. Assertion, however, is no argument. Let me therefore attempt, upon simple and rational, not to say obvious grounds, to set before you how it happens that, with so much anxiety and carefulness to present nothing but what is agreeable to observation, and thereby to secure a potent and praiseworthy influence over their fellow-creatures, so few persons succeed in their intentions.

I should say, then, that they fail in exciting *sympathy*. We are so constituted by a merciful and wise dispensation of Providence, as to be incapable of sympathising with anything that is not true. 'Ah, would that this were indeed the case!' I fancy I hear some fond and anxious parent say. 'Would that the son of my hopes and tenderest affections were incapable of sympathising with things and people that are false and

frivolous; I had not then lost him from my house and heart!"

But, sorrowing parent, it was not by sympathy with evil that you have lost your child; but because he yielded himself to that low and inferior side of his nature which is only capable of being influenced by low and inferior gratifications, and which is as destitute of the capacity of being acted upon by sympathy as the beasts of the field. Sympathy is a holy thing, and only awakes and responds to truth. Hence it must be placed in certain conditions before it can act at all. Those conditions are not to be found in the intercourse which is based on a unity of animal spirits; neither do they exist in crowded assemblies, platforms, or any of the multitudinous gatherings where people play at make-believe with one another, and expect nothing so little as to meet with a word of nature or of truth; but they are to be found in the domestic and social circle, where intimate interests, like the friendly beams of the sun on the plants of the earth, assist in developing the interior character. It is here that the intercourse of human beings should awaken sympathy.

I say it should do so; for it is manifestly the design of Providence that a being so highly gifted as man, with sensibilities to beauty and truth, and with the faculty of speech to enable him to diffuse his impressions, should spread around him an influence with which his associates may sympathise and be refreshed; and where the moral feelings are in their right and healthy state, they do thus awaken the response in other minds which we call sympathy; but where they are not in their proper condition, they fail of exciting the pleasant emotion of sympathy; and their influence, instead of breaking forth into the outward manifestation of kindly, cheering, and affectionate intercourse, acts silently and inwardly, and for the most part unfavourably. Not always, however, are we to conclude that this is the case; for there may be a great deal of amiability and genuine kindness of heart concealed under the most invincible reserve; but assuredly the valuable part of the character will be no secret to those who are in constant and familiar habits of intercourse with such an individual: and that is the point of view from which we are considering the case, as being in fact the only point from which it concerns us to consider everything that bears upon conduct and happiness; for, let us be what we may in saloons and drawing-rooms, our actual state and its influence is established at home; and so true is this, that it has passed into a proverb, that 'you can never tell what people are till you come to live with them.' Would you, then, know what is your opinion of others, you will find, as occasions occur for developing it, that it is not formed so much upon what they have consciously and voluntarily exhibited of themselves, as upon what they have concealed; and that by far the most influential of the sentiments with which they have inspired you, are those which have been gradually growing in your mind, without any design or effort either on your part or on theirs to produce them; nay, that those silent and secret sentiments are sometimes of such a kind, that but for the circumstances which reveal them, you could not have credited their existence. Who is there that has made any way in life, but must occasionally have experienced the extreme difficulty of finding a really faithful and trustworthy person, when a service involving strong temptation to act dishonourably is to be deputed? Yes, I must indeed repeat the query, my dear Mrs Fairmile, though you do so zealously repudiate the idea of any well-educated

high-minded person being at any time, or under any circumstances, inclined to act dishonourably. I will even put the case to yourself, and ask if you could name, in a moment, the individual whom you would send upon an errand to your writing-desk, with letters lying open therein that you were most particularly unwilling any eye but your own should look upon? Far be it from me to doubt whether you could find such a one: I only say you would have to consider a little about it; and this I will be bold to affirm respecting the persons whom you might possibly think trustworthy on such an occasion, that your confidence in them would not be founded so much on what you may have seen or heard of them, as on the quiet, gradual, and unconscious way in which your mind has sympathised with the good that was silently radiating its truth out of theirs. What have we then to do, but to sweep away from our minds the superficial and the artificial, not merely as wrong, but as useless? What you are, is the measure of your influence; and it is comfortable to the simple-minded and honest-intentioned to believe (as they most certainly may), that however strong the tide of human folly and corruption may for a time beat against them, even till they are ready to say, with one of old, 'Surely I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed mine hands in innocency,' yet life, in its ever-open, ever-varying pages, has still a leaf to turn for them, wherein they will see recorded in their behalf a strong testimony to the power of that influence which waits upon reality.

AN INCIDENT OF CIVIL WAR.

ABOUT the middle of the month of June 1835, the city of Bilbao, in northern Spain, then held by a strong garrison of the Christiano troops, was invested by the Carlist force under the immediate command of the celebrated Tomas Zumalacarreui. The queen's troops were well supplied with provisions, arms, and all the munitions of war, and enjoyed, besides, an uninterrupted communication with the sea, which was little more than four miles distant, by the river Nervion, on the banks of which Bilbao is situated; whilst the appointments of the besieging army were so utterly wretched in every particular, that nothing but the strongly-urged personal request of Don Carlos himself induced Zumalacarreui, much against the dictates of his own better judgment, to enter on the task at all.

The feeble operations of the besieging force had proceeded for about ten days—Zumalacarreui having been removed to a distance, in consequence of a wound received on the second day of the siege, which ultimately caused his death—when, an hour after nightfall, a young man, enveloped in a large cloak, underneath which he wore the uniform of a Carlist officer, entered the grounds adjoining an elegant mansion situated close to the sea-shore, on the opposite bank of the river to that occupied by the forces of Don Carlos. The officer was the only son, indeed the only child, of Don Ricardo Silva, the proprietor of the house and grounds. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in the Carlist cause, and at an early period had been rewarded for his gallantry and zeal with a commission. From that time circumstances had not permitted him to revisit his parental home until now, when, the regiment to which he was attached forming a part of the force investing Bilbao, he gladly availed himself of what he deemed a favourable opportunity for that purpose. Before leaving the Carlist camp, he made inquiry of a soldier named

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Murito, serving in the ranks of his own battalion—who had deserted from the Christino garrison at the commencement of the siege, and who might be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with the habits of the queen's troops in the locality—as to the danger he was likely to incur of falling in with any of them on that side of the river, which was occupied by them exclusively. The man assured him that, even previous to the investment of the place, the troops were not allowed to remain without the gates after sunset on any pretext; and that he might proceed after that hour to his father's residence, and return in perfect safety, provided his stay was not prolonged beyond sunrise on the following morning. Relying on this assurance, therefore, Lieutenant Silva had proceeded on foot along the river on that side occupied by the Carlists, until he had arrived opposite his father's mansion, when, hailing a fisherman, he was ferried across, and in a few minutes more was sheltered beneath the parental roof.

On the warmth of the greeting which welcomed him, after an absence of years, during which he had been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a cruel and exterminating warfare, we need not dwell. Under such circumstances, it will be readily conceived that by the little party, composed of the young man and his parents, the lapse of time was unheeded; minutes and hours flew swiftly by. Midnight had long been past; but as the lieutenant proposed starting on his return by daybreak, beyond which time it would be imprudent for him to remain on the Christino side of the river, none thought of retiring to rest. It wanted still some hours of dawn, when, during a momentary pause in the conversation, a distant tinkling sound, borne on the night wind, caused the youth to start from his seat and throw open the casement, which looked upon the lawn in front of the mansion. A moment of breathless suspense followed, then a freshening of the breeze, and with it a renewal of the sound, which his practised ear now readily distinguished as the ringing of hoofs and the clank of cavalry equipments. Such sounds heard on *this side of the river* plainly told him that the enemy was at hand, and needed not the additional evidence to that effect which was furnished in another minute by the sight of the lance-flags and shakos, the shape of which, sharply defined and relieved against the bright moonlit sky, bespoke the appearance of a Christino squadron. At the same time they left the high road, and entering the grounds of Don Ricardo, advanced at a rapid pace towards the house; thus rendering their intention, however mysterious the source of their information, but too obvious—the arrest of the Carlist officer.

Lieutenant Silva and his parents were too well acquainted with the atrocious and unrelenting system of extermination which characterised the proceedings of the belligerent parties in the Carlist war, not to know that arrest under such circumstances was synonymous with death; that should a Christino prison once close upon him, it would open only to conduct him to a bloody grave. Paralysed by the unexpected appearance of the foe, the alarmed group stood for a few seconds in a state of indecision. The young soldier was the first to recover presence of mind. Extinguishing the lights which stood on the table, he announced his intention of descending into the Fiend's Fishpond, whence, after the withdrawal of the Christinos, he could be easily extricated, and ferried across the river. The Fiend's Fishpond was a frightful pit in the garden immediately behind the mansion, similar in form to a draw-well, and about twenty feet in diameter, produced apparently by some convulsion of nature, and deriving its singular appellation from some wild legend having its origin in the superstition of the neighbouring peasantry. Being situated within a few yards of the shore, a subterranean communication existed between it and the sea, which had never indeed been explored, but the existence of which was evident from the fact, that the water in the Fishpond rose and fell with the tide. To a distance

of several fathoms below the surface of the earth, the sides of the pit were straight and smooth as a wall; but it had been ascertained that, at a considerable depth, a projecting ledge of rock, a couple of feet in breadth, ran round its entire circumference, which at low water was left completely bare, and on which, at such times, one might sit or stand in safety for some hours—it being again submerged by the rising of the water to the depth of three or four fathoms, according to the state of the tide, whether spring or neap. When crossing the river from the Carlist side, the young man had observed that the tide was rapidly falling; and knowing, from the interval that had elapsed, that it must be now about low water, he prepared at once for the descent. This was an achievement which, however frightful to look upon, was in reality not attended with any excessive danger to one of steady nerves, when properly assisted from above; his ultimate safety, of course, depending on his being withdrawn before the rising of the tide. In fact, young Silva had more than once performed the feat in his boyish days, and now felt no hesitation in resorting to it again as the only means of escape from a remorseless and unsparring enemy. In a much shorter time, therefore, from the first alarm, than we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his agitated father at the mouth of the black and gaping chasm, from which distinctly ascended the hoarse bellowing of the vexed torrent far below, as it rushed through the concealed outlet to the sea. A stout rope secured round his middle, the young man let himself cautiously over the edge; the remainder of the cord being wound round the trunk of a fruit tree, whilst Don Ricardo firmly grasped the extremity, 'paying it out' by degrees. After the lapse of a few anxious minutes, the Don felt the strain relax, a proof that the young man had reached his resting-place; then the vibration of the cord announced that he had cast it off; and then a shout from below conveyed the signal to withdraw it. The only approach for horsemen through the grounds being very circuitous, Don Ricardo was enabled to reach the house and take his seat in the drawing-room before the dragoons pulled up at the door.

A dozen of their number instantly dismounted, and surrounded the house, whilst their officer knocked loudly for admittance. The door having been opened by Don Ricardo in person—the domestics having long before retired to rest, as it was not deemed prudent to inform them of the presence of the young man—the Christino leader recognised him at once as evidently the proprietor of the mansion.

'You keep late hours, Don Ricardo Silva,' he commenced. 'May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have had any visitors this evening?'

'My family is a small one, captain,' replied Don Ricardo, endeavouring to disguise his anxiety under a feint smile; 'and in the present disturbed state of affairs, we never have any visitors beyond our own circle.'

'If I mistake not,' said the other, 'you have a son among the rebels in the pay of Don Carlos. May I ask, without giving offence, when you heard from him last?'

'The last letter I received from him,' replied the father, 'is dated several months back.'

'Strange,' observed the Christino, 'that I should happen to be so much better informed about him than yourself! Now, were I to venture a guess as to his whereabouts, I should say he was at this moment beneath this very roof.'

Don Ricardo vehemently, and indeed truly, denied the fact of his presence *beneath the roof*; but, as may be supposed, his protestations met with little credit. A guard was placed over him and his lady in the apartment in which they had been sitting; the domestics were summoned, and put under similar restraint in another; and the remainder of the dragoons were ordered to dismount and search the house.

An hour subsequently, when every nook and cranny of the building, with the out-offices and garden, had

been ransacked—of course fruitlessly—the commander of the Christino party again entered the apartment in which the Don and his lady were detained, and informed them, that as it was evident the young man had made his escape before the queen's troops had reached the house, it became his duty to convey them both to Bilbao, to render an account for having harboured and connived at the escape of a rebel. This was a blow which they had never anticipated, and for which they were wholly unprepared. None but themselves being privy to the fact of the young man's concealment in the Fiend's Fishpond, to convey them to Bilbao, and leave him to await the rising of the tide, would be to doom him to certain death. Even as it was, the latest period at which he could be withdrawn with life was approaching with fearful rapidity. Horrified at the prospect, the anguished mother shrieked and fainted; whilst the stout-hearted Don himself could not so control his emotions as to prevent the officer from discovering that some deeper influence was at work than the mere dread of the inconvenience to which they would themselves be exposed, trifling as it must prove in the absence of all positive evidence that young Silva had really been there at all. This of course but confirmed him in his previous intention of taking them to Bilbao; for which place, accordingly, the entire party, including the almost broken-hearted parents, started in a short time afterwards.

As our object is not to describe feelings, but to record facts, we shall not dwell upon the sufferings of Don Ricardo and his lady throughout that dreadful night. The reader can readily imagine how at one moment they would almost resolve to risk all, and reveal the fact, and, rescuing their child from the horrors of the frightful grave into which he had been lowered by his father's hand, procure for him, at all events, the respite of an hour, and the privilege to look once more, before he died, on the light of the sun; and how, at the next, they would determine to confide him to the bounty of that Providence who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and bow in submission to His will, rather than become themselves the instruments in revealing the place of his concealment, and betraying him into the hands of men whose 'tender mercies were cruel.' Let it suffice to say, that when, towards the close of the following day, they were led forth from the prison in Bilbao, in which they had been immured, and informed they were at liberty to return to their mansion, the locks of the gentleman, which, though he had passed the middle age, on the previous evening had been black and glossy as the raven's wing, were white as if the snows of seventy years had descended on his head—the lady was an idiot.

Neither need we expatiate on the feelings of young Silva, as he beheld—if indeed such an expression be correct as applied to his sensations amid the thick darkness which reigned eternally within the frightful recesses of that horrid cavern—the gradual approaches of apparently inevitable death; the rising waters gradually ascending to the level of the ledge on which he stood—to his knees; his hips; his middle; his armpits. Conscious by this time that something extraordinary had occurred to prevent his parents from effecting his release, all hope of life had faded, and what he deemed a last prayer to Heaven was quivering on his lips, when a loud shout from the mouth of the pit drove the blood, which had begun to stagnate round his heart, again like lightning through his veins. Prompt as the echo was his reply; and the next moment the cord from above struck the water within reach of his arm. With all the despatch which his numbed fingers would permit, he fastened it around him, and announcing his readiness by another shrill cry, was drawn in safety to the top.

He learned, on inquiry, that a neighbouring peasant, tempted by the luscious fruits with which the trees in Don Ricardo's garden were loaded, had, on the very night in question, ventured on a predatory excursion

against them: and was actually employed in filling a bag with his spoils, when he was alarmed by the entrance of the young man and his father, as related, on the appearance of the Christino cavalry. Taking refuge in a clump of flowering shrubs, he had been an unseen observer of the young man's descent into the Fishpond, and of all the subsequent occurrences. Readily comprehending the entire affair, the honest fellow watched the dragoons clear of the grounds, and knowing that not a moment more was to be lost, procured a rope, and hastened again to the spot, when the result was as we have already described. He now related to young Silva the substance of a singular conversation which, as he lay concealed, he had overheard between the Christino commander and his subordinate officer. In reply to some inquiry of the latter concerning the authority of his information with reference to the visit of the Carlist officer, 'Oh,' said the superior in a significant tone, 'my intelligence must be authentic, since I have had it from on high.'

'What!' exclaimed the subaltern laughingly; 'have you got a correspondent in heaven?'

'Why, not exactly,' was the reply; 'my correspondent is yet a resident on earth, and yet I receive his communications literally from the clouds. At another time, however, I may give you further information concerning my celestial informant. At present, I am not at liberty.'

The peasant who related this strange conversation discovered nothing in it beyond an unmeaning jocularly bordering on profanity; but Silva, who, during his seclusion, had naturally been speculating on the probable channel through which the Christinos had obtained information of his presence, conceived it to convey much more than met the ear, and to want but a certain key to explain the import of its mysterious allusions. A few minutes afterwards, he found lying on the floor of the hall what a little reflection led him to regard as furnishing the key which he required. This was nothing more than a scrap of paper, less than the palm of a man's hand, greatly crumpled, as if it had been rolled up and thrust into a small space, much soiled, and slightly burned, on which was written, in characters almost illegible, from the treatment it had undergone—'Silva, lieutenant, — battalion Carlist infantry, will spend to-night at his father's house on the river side, close to the shore. Sergeant — knows the spot, and can guide a party thither.' Having read this important document, which had been accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, and examined its appearance attentively, noting the burn, he raised it to his nose, when it decidedly smelled of gunpowder. He immediately crossed the river, and in another hour was safe within the Carlist lines, when his first act was to wait on the colonel of his battalion, recount the events of the night, and acquaint him with the suspicions he had formed.

It is necessary to state here that Silva's battalion was posted on a steep height immediately overlooking, indeed overhanging, Bilbao, and that so closely, that it terminated on the side next the city in a perpendicular cliff, which actually formed part of the wall bounding the military ground appropriated to the use of the queen's garrison in the city; so that any object thrown from the top would necessarily, after a descent of between three and four hundred feet, fall within the limits of the beleaguered town. On the table-land at the top of this dizzy height a Carlist sentry was regularly stationed, whose chief business was to observe the movements of the Christino troops below, and report accordingly to his superiors. It had been remarked, that so inveterate was the hostility of the man Murito — of whom mention has been already made as having, at an early period of the siege, deserted from the garrison — towards his former comrades, that invariably, on being relieved from his guard, he proceeded to the edge of the cliff and discharged his musket at the Christinos beneath, the great height of the precipice precluding all danger from a return of the fire. Lieutenant Silva

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remembered having made inquiry of this man concerning the safety of the road adjoining his father's residence, and felt convinced that no other individual in the Carlist camp was acquainted with his intention of proceeding thither at all.

Nothing further of importance transpired that day. Towards the close of the next, it happened to be Murito's turn again to mount guard at the top of the cliff. As the hour which would terminate his guard approached, Lieutenant Silva and his colonel appeared sauntering along the platform, and shortly after the relief arrived. The customary form having been gone through, the fresh sentry took his post, and Murito was about to advance, as usual, to have a shot at his friends below. To his surprise the non-commissioned officer of the guard seized his musket, and at the same moment he found himself in the iron grasp of the men. The charge of his musket was drawn upon the spot, when it was discovered that, instead of the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; whilst, rammed down over the wadding, was found a slip of paper, containing the words, in the handwriting of Murito—'Zumalcarrégui is dead: the siege must soon be raised if the garrison hold out.' This discovery fully vindicated the justice of the suspicions which Silva had formed concerning the mysterious allusions of the Christino officer to his intelligence received 'from on high,' and the information communicated to him 'from the clouds.' Silva inquired whether he should order the man to the guardhouse to undergo his trial by court-martial; but the sergeant bluntly suggested to his commander the propriety of ordering out a firing party on the spot, and bringing the matter to a summary conclusion.

'Your suggestion is the better of the two, sergeant,' replied the colonel, smiling grimly. 'I shall adopt neither, however, but make the fellow the bearer of his own correspondence. Death by the bullet is the fate of brave men and true soldiers, and ammunition is not so plenty that I can afford to waste a cartridge on a traitor. Pin the paper to the scoundrel's breast,' he shouted, 'and pitch him over to convey it to his friends below.'

The blood of Silva ran cold at this terrible doom, and he attempted a remonstrance on behalf of the miserable culprit; but the colonel was inflexible. The men to whom the order was given were seldom troubled with scruples; and if they had been, the treachery of a comrade would have effectually silenced them. The paper was actually pinned to the breast of the terror-palsied wretch; he was lifted from the ground, and carried to the edge of the cliff by half-a-dozen pairs of sinewy arms. The Christino sentry at the foot of the precipice was startled by a piercing shriek, as of one in mortal agony, in the upper air—then followed a swift rushing sound, and then a mass of lifeless humanity lay at his feet.

Years elapsed ere the restoration of tranquillity permitted the young Carlist officer again to visit his parental home. In the interval, all that medical skill could effect had been resorted to for the restoration of Donna Silva to her proper mind; but the occurrences of one fearful night appeared to have driven reason from its throne for ever. On the arrival of her son, however, it was resolved by the medical advisers, with Don Ricardo's consent, to try the effect of his abrupt appearance in her presence, all other resources having failed. On his introduction to the room in which she sat, her countenance was bent towards the ground, and she seemed utterly regardless of the presence of a stranger. He addressed her: she started to her feet at the first accents of the voice which she had deemed choked for ever amid the rushing waters of the Fiend's Fishpond. She gazed upon him—the pallid cheek glowed again—the vacant, lack-lustre eye flashed with the light of intellect—with a wild scream of delight she bounded toward him, clasped him in her arms, and sunk upon his bosom. Her embrace was long. The medical

attendant at length raised her head. 'She has fainted,' whispered her son. 'She is dead!' solemnly replied her husband. And so it was. The struggle had been too great; and her gentle spirit had passed away to the place where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

FLOWER-WORSHIP.

A SUPERSTITIOUS veneration for particular flowers—in other words, flower-worship—is an ancient, and, in some respects, a poetical variety of the depraved systems of religious homage into which certain of the human family have fallen. It is to be traced ages back in the religious observances of the Hindoos, and among the more enlightened Chinese: it formed an important part of the mysteries of Egyptian idolatry; and it is remarkable that the past and present monuments of the Mexicans exhibit, and with great prominence, the same feature: while at an earlier period than the present, certain flowers were regarded even by some Europeans with a degree of veneration only too closely approximating the more declared feeling of flower-worship. There is a love for these beautiful creations innate in the constitution of the human being, and participated in equally by civilised and savage men. Their exquisite attributes of painting and perfume address themselves directly to our more refined feelings, while they have a tendency to direct upwards to the God that made them: the grievous error lay in not stopping short before these feelings became idolatry. It will be easily conjectured that no temperate region was the parent of the superstition. It arose in those warmer latitudes where the vegetable world has been endowed with a vigour of growth, and gorgeousness of apparel, of which austere climates are ignorant. Its aspect indeed is most imposing, and, to be fully realised, must be beheld. In the few exiles which pass an artificial existence in our stoves, we are supplied with some faint and feeble types of the vegetable glories of the tropics; and even these will produce an impression not soon effaced from any cultivated mind. But there, where the Indian, penetrating the hot, damp jungles of his forests, suddenly comes upon a great, glowing, wonderfully-formed and tinged orchid, squatting like some animated being upon a shaggy trunk, or where the Hindoo paddles across a blue lake, literally paved with lotus-flowers, it is not a violent supposition that the spectacle will impress him with feelings akin to awe. The next step is not difficult to be foreseen. As flower-worship took its origin, so, alas! it retains its existence, only among the most ignorant of the human family. Perhaps the singularity of the subject, coupled with the brevity of our notice of it, may be an apology, if one is requisite, for its introduction in these pages.

Humboldt and Bonpland, in their splendid work on Equinoctial Plants, give an account of a very curious tree called by the Mexicans by the dreadful title of the *Macpalxochiquaukitl*!—which signifies *hand, flower, tree*. Its botanical title is almost as long, but is a trifle more euphonious—the *Cheirostemon platanoides*. There existed only one specimen of this sacred tree in all Mexico, at least to the knowledge of the Mexicans; and this circumstance, added to the really remarkable aspect of the flowers, appears to have won for it the veneration of the Indian population. From the centre of the flower there springs a columnar tube, which may be supposed to represent an arm and wrist; and this then breaks into five stamens, coloured blood-red, and disposed after a manner not very dissimilar to the arrangement of the fingers and thumb of the human hand. The very points of these vegetable fingers are curved, and somewhat resemble the formidable ungulated talons with which painters delight to ornament the hands of witches and demons. These parts of the flower are of a considerable size, and project in a menacing manner some distance above the petals. It may easily, therefore, be conceived that a

high and noble-looking tree—for such it is—laden with flowers of such marvellous configuration, brandishing aloft, in fact, a thousand gory hands, was an object likely to excite in no ordinary degree the superstitions, and even the terrors, of the ignorant. The tree was worshipped by thousands; it was believed to be the only specimen in the world of its kind; and the opinion was common that any attempt to propagate it would prove abortive. A great number of seeds was procured by our travellers, planted, and watched over with the most sedulous care, but not one of them succeeded. So great, say they, was the veneration paid to it by the Indians, and so eagerly were the precious flowers thereof sought after, that they were frequently plucked long before their expansion; and the tree was consequently never suffered to ripen its fruit. In spite, however, of the firmest convictions of the indivisibility of this tree—the *Manitas*, as it is commonly called—it has been propagated by cuttings, some of which are at this moment thriving in some of the larger stoves of our modern collectors. The Messrs Loddiges were, and for aught we know to the contrary, are still possessed of a remarkably fine and healthy specimen. In Lyon's 'Journal of a Residence in Mexico,' he mentions having seen this famous tree, and confirms all that has been above written concerning it, adding, that as if to make the resemblance to a hand complete, the points of the fingers are terminated by processes resembling claws! Whilst the resemblance to the human hand was recognised in this instance, it would have been most strange had the remarkable race of mimics—the orchids—escaped observation or veneration. These plants, which have no parallel in nature for singularity, beauty, and fragrance, and which, in some of their species, imitate the most wonderful diversity of objects, are held in high veneration by the Mexicans. The Queen of the Orchids especially is inestimably prized; and others receive a subordinate measure of respect. Those who have access to Mr Bateman's splendid work on the Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala, will find there several interesting particulars relating to this subject. In other countries, orchids have been objects of veneration.

The famed lotus-flower has a world-wide reputation for sanctity. It is not clear whether it belonged to the water-lily tribe, or to the *Nelumbiaceæ*, or whether the lotus of one nation may not have belonged to one, and that of another to the other, of these tribes. The *Nelumbium* is a splendid water-flower, and is found floating in the pools and ditches of Asia, and in the Nile; it yields a nut which is supposed to be analogous with the sacred bean of the ancients. The flowers of both tribes are glorious objects—some are blue, white, yellow, rose-coloured; and they appear lovely in the extreme when resting on the bosom of the wave. The flower was worshipped alike in Egypt, taking a place in the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, as in India in those of Brahma. The sculptural remains of ancient Egypt abound with the sacred plant in every stage of its development, the flowers and fruit being represented with the utmost accuracy. Among the Hindoos it was considered an emblem of the world, and the flower was looked upon as the cradle of Brahma. It was used to decorate the temples of their idols, and laid as a most acceptable votive offering upon their altars. Sir George Staunton writes—'The Chinese always held this plant in such high value, that at length they regarded it as sacred. That character, however, has not limited it to useless or ornamental purposes. Their ponds, to the extent of many acres, are covered with it, and exhibit a very beautiful appearance when in flower.'* When Sir William Jones was on one occasion at dinner on the borders of the Ganges, desiring to examine the sacred flower, he despatched some of his people to procure him a specimen; it was brought to him, and immediately all his

Indian attendants fell on their faces and paid adoration to it.

The Malays have a more sordid flower-worship—they adore an imaginary flower of gold. They believe that there grows upon their sacred fig-tree a little flower of the most pure gold. It is a parasite, and opens and blossoms, they say, but once, and has the property of bringing vast wealth to its possessor. Thus much may at least be said of it—the flowers are golden, as far as colour goes. Loureiro, a writer on the Flora of Cochinchina, says, that while he was resident in that empire, a large bunch of these priceless flowers was found by some fortunate person growing upon one of those sacred trees. Instantly he betook himself with his spoil to the emperor, at whose feet he deposited the treasure; for which, from being a common soldier, he was at once promoted to the highest ranks, the emperor believing himself now possessed of infallible assurance of boundless wealth and happiness.

Perhaps, to take a final example nearer home, the Passion-flower, as nearly as could be, received homage from the fervent superstitions of the early discoverers of the new world. It was first found in the Brazils, and very soon the marvels which its discoverers pretended to behold in it became famous throughout Christendom. Its name is suggestive of the solemn reality it was romantically supposed to typify. As it became common, it lost its sacredness, and has the bare vestige of it now left in its name. Without multiplying examples, this may suffice to direct the reader's attention to an interesting, but to every right mind a sad and painful, subject of thought.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

'The country of the Amazon,' says Mr Edwards, 'is the garden of the world, possessing every requisite for a vast population and an extended commerce. It is also one of the healthiest of regions; and thousands who annually die of diseases incident to the climates of the north, might here find health and long life.* This river is the largest in the world. From a distance of about 200 miles from the Pacific, it continues navigable to its mouth in the Atlantic, 3000 miles by the course of the stream; and including its branches, it waters an area of 2,100,000 square miles, comprising one-third part of South America. The aggregate navigable length of this immense ramification of waters is said to be from 40,000 to 50,000 miles. The province of Pará alone, comprehending the most important part of the Amazon, contains an area of nearly a million square miles, with the most productive soil in the world, and an agreeable temperature, though under a vertical sun. This, Mr Edwards tells us, is owing to several causes. 'The days are but twelve hours long, and the earth does not become so intensely heated as where they are sixteen. The vast surface of water constantly cools the air by its evaporation; and removes the irksome dryness that in temperate regions renders a less degree of heat insupportable. And finally, the constant winds blowing from the sea refresh and invigorate the system.'

'I know not,' says Sir William Temple, 'whether there may be anything in the climate of Brazil more propitious to health than in other countries; for, besides what was observed among the natives upon the first European discoveries, I remember Don Francisco de Mello, a Portugal ambassador in England, told me it was frequent in his country for men spent with age or other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and upon their arrival there, to go on to a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigour they received with that remove.

* Embassy to China.

* A Voyage up the River Amazon, including a Residence at Pará. By William H. Edwards. London: Murray.

Whether such an effect might grow from the air or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of life and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed, or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot say. This is more true, Mr Edwards says, of the climate of Pará than of that of any other part of Brazil. The riches of this fine country embrace all the most valuable productions of the tropics; and the melancholy prejudices which elsewhere separate so effectually the working-classes (who must in such a climate be blacks) from the others, are here almost unfelt. 'Brazilian slavery, as it is, is little more than slavery in name. Prejudice against colour is scarcely known, and no white thinks less of his wife because her ancestors came from over the water. Half the officers of the government and of the army are of mingled blood; and padres, and lawyers, and doctors, of the intensest hue, are none the less esteemed. The educated blacks are just as talented and just as gentlemanly as the whites, and in repeated instances we received favours from them which we were happy to acknowledge.' What, then, renders Pará a poor and thinly-peopled territory, with land free of cost at the command of the immigrant; ground easily cleared; a fertile soil producing in extraordinary abundance sugar, rice, coffee, anatto, cotton, cocoa, gums, and drugs; and the general price of living marvellously low? The causes may be found in the legal disabilities under which settlers labour—dishonest officials, a debased currency, high import duties, and burdens upon exports which neutralise both the beneficence of nature and the industry of man. 'There is scarcely a product raised in the two countries in which Brazil could not undersell the United States in every market of the world, were it not for this tax. Its cotton and rice, even during the past year, have been shipped from Pará to New York; its tobacco is preferable to the best Virginian, and can be raised in inexhaustible quantities.' In a word, Pará is a province of the vast Brazilian empire, which is falling to pieces through its own weight.

A visit to such a country cannot fail to be interesting, and the fact is proved by a readable book upon the subject, such as the one before us, having been dashed off by a sportsman author, who does not describe very well, who does not philosophise at all, and whose knowledge of science is confined to the nomenclature of ornithology. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book is readable, as we shall proceed to prove, by transferring to our columns some of its morceaux of instruction or entertainment. The author is an American, who left New York for Pará upon an excursion of pleasure and curiosity.

The lower classes throughout the province live chiefly upon farinha, and a dried and salted fish called periecu. The plant producing the farinha is known by us as cassava. 'The stalk is tall and slender, and is divided into short joints, each one of which, when placed in the ground, takes root, and becomes a separate plant. The leaves are palmated, with six and seven lobes. The tubers are shaped much like sweet potatoes, and are a foot or more in length. They are diverged of their thick rind, and grated upon stones, after which the mass is placed in a slender bag of rattan six feet in length; to this a large stone is appended, and the consequent extension producing a contraction of the sides, the juice is expressed. The juice is said to be poisonous, but is highly volatile. The last operation is the drying, which is effected in large iron pans, the preparation being constantly stirred. When finished, it is called farinha, or flour, and is of a white or brown colour, according to the care taken. In appearance it resembles dried crumbs of bread. It is packed in loose baskets lined with palm-leaves, and in the bulk of eighty pounds, or an alquier. Farinha is the substitute for bread and for vegetables. The Indians and blacks eat vast quantities of it, and its swelling in the stomach produces that distension observable in the children.' The fish is thus

noticed. 'Not long after noon, we stopped at a house where a number of Indians were collected about a periecu, which they had just caught. This was the fish whose dried slabs had been our main diet for the last few weeks, and we embraced the opportunity to take a good look at so useful a species. He was about six feet long, with a large head and wide mouth; and his thick scales, large as dollars, were beautifully shaded with flesh colour. These fish often attain greater size, and at certain seasons are very abundant, especially in the lakes. They are taken with lances, cut into slabs of half an inch thickness, and dried in the sun after being properly salted. It is as great a blessing to the province of Pará as cod or herring to other countries, constituting the main diet of three-fourths of the people.'

The living of another class of society is more varied. 'At six in the morning coffee was brought into our room, and the day was considered as fairly commenced. We then took our guns, and found amusement in the woods until nearly eleven, which was the hour for breakfast. At this meal we never had coffee or tea, and rarely any vegetable excepting rice; but rich soups, and dishes of turtle, meat, fish, and peixe boi, in several forms of preparation, loaded the table. The Brazilian method of cooking becomes very agreeable when one has conquered his repugnance to a slight flavour of garlic and the turtle-oil used in every dish. The desert consisted of oranges, pacoas, and preserves. Puddings, unless of tapioca, are seldom seen, and pastry never, out of the city. Water was brought, if we asked for it; but the usual drink was a light Lisbon wine. The first movement upon taking our places at the table, was for each to make a pile of salt and peppers upon his plate, which, mashed and liquefied by a little caldo or gravy, was in a condition to receive the meat. A bowl of caldo in the centre, filled with farinha, whence every one could help himself with his own spoon, was always present. The remainder of the day we spent in preserving our birds, or, if convenient, in again visiting the forest. The dinner-hour was between six and seven, and that meal was substantially the same as breakfast.' The following picture of a country-house, in which much entertainment is to be had by all comers, is interesting. 'This was the first decidedly Brazilian country-house that we had visited, and a description of it may not be uninteresting. It was of one storey, covering a large area, and distinguished in front by a deep veranda. The frame of the house was of upright beams, crossed by small poles, well fastened together by withes of sewap. A thick coat of clay entirely covered this both within and without, hardened by exposure into stone. The floors were of the same hard material; and in front of the hammocks were spread broad reed-mats, answering well the purpose of carpets. Few and small windows were necessary, as the inmates of the house passed most of the day in the open air, or in the veranda, where hammocks were suspended for lounging, or for the daily siesta. The roof was of palm thatch, beautifully made, like basket-work in neatness, and enduring for years. The dining-table stood in the back veranda, and long benches were placed by its sides as seats. Back of the house, and entirely distinct, was a covered shed used for the kitchen and other purposes. Any number of little negroes, of all ages and sizes, and all naked, were running about, clustering around the table as we ate, watching every motion with eyes expressive of fun and frolic, and as comfortably at home as could well be imagined. Pigs, dogs, chickens, and ducks assumed the same privilege, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of one little negro, who seemed to have them in his especial charge.'

Such settlements, as may be supposed, occur only here and there in the midst of a wild and partially-known country. 'The whole region north of the Amazon is watered by numberless rivers, very many of which are still unexplored. It is a sort of bugbear country, where cannibal Indians and ferocious animals abound to the destruction of travellers. This portion of Brazil has

always been fancy's peculiar domain, and even now, all kinds of little El Dorados lie scattered far far through the forest, where the gold and the diamonds are guarded by thrice horrible Cerberus. Upon the river-banks are Indians, watching the unwary stranger with bended bow and poisoned arrow upon the string. Some tribes, most provident, keep large pens akin to sheepfolds, where the late enthusiastic traveller awaits his doom as in the cave of Polyphemus. As if these obstructions were not enough, huge nondescript animals add their terrors; and the tormented sufferer makes costly vows, that, if he ever escapes, he will not again venture into such an infernal country, even were the ground plated with gold, and the dew-drops priceless diamonds. Some naturalist Frenchman, or unbelieving German, long before the memory of the present generation, ventured upon some inviting stream, and you hear of his undoubted fate as though your informant had seen the catastrophe. In instances related to us, no one seemed to allow that one might die in the course of nature while upon an exploring expedition, or that he might have had the good-fortune to have succeeded, and to have penetrated to the other side. The natives, so far as our author knew them, do not appear to be a very interesting people, although the Indian girls are, with hardly an exception, pretty. One of their odd customs seems to be occasionally adopted by the European masters of their country. 'We were struck, at Braves, by the appearance of some Portuguese boys, whose teeth had been sharpened in the Indian manner. The custom is quite fashionable among that class who come over seeking their fortunes, they evidently considering it as a sort of naturalisation. The blade of a knife or razor is laid across the edge of the tooth, and by a slight blow and dexterous turn a piece is chipped off on either side. All the front teeth, above and below, are thus served; and they give a person a very odd, and, to a stranger, a very disagreeable appearance. For some days after the operation is performed, the patient is unable to eat or drink without severe pain; but soon the teeth lose their sensitiveness, and then seem to decay no faster than the others.' One of the weapons of these Indians is the curious and formidable blowing-cane. 'This is eight or ten feet in length, two inches in diameter at the larger end, and gradually tapering to less than an inch at the other extremity. It is usually formed by two grooved pieces of wood, fastened together by a winding of rattan, and carefully pitched. The bore is less than half an inch in diameter. The arrow for this cane is a splint of a palm one foot in length, sharpened at one end to a delicate point, and at the other wound with the silky tree-cotton to the size of the tube. The point of this is dipped in poison, and slightly cut around, that, when striking an object, it may break by its own weight, leaving the point in the wound.'

The following reference to another species of natives is more full and distinct than is usual with our author. 'The turtles are a still greater blessing to the dwellers upon the upper rivers. In the early part of the dry season these animals ascend the Amazon, probably from the sea, and assemble upon the sandy islands and beaches left dry by the retiring waters in the Japura and other tributaries. They deposit their eggs in the sand; and at this season all the people, for hundreds of miles round about, resort to the river-banks as regularly as to a fair. The eggs are collected into montarias or other proper receptacles, and broken. The oil floating upon the surface is skimmed off with the valves of the large shells found in the river, and is poured into pots, each holding about six gallons. It is computed that a turtle lays one hundred and fifty eggs in a season. Twelve thousand eggs make one pot of oil, and six thousand pots are annually sent from the most noted localities. Consequently seventy-two millions of eggs are destroyed, which require four hundred and eighty thousand turtles to produce them. And yet but a small proportion of the whole number of eggs are broken. When fifty days

have expired, the young cover the ground, and march in millions to the water, where swarms of enemies more destructive than man await their coming. Every branch of the Amazon is resorted to, more or less, in the same manner; and the whole number of turtles is beyond all conjecture. Those upon the Madeira are little molested, on account of the unhealthiness of the locality in which they breed. They are said to be of a different and smaller variety from those upon the Amazon. We received a different variety still from the Branco, and there may be many more yet undistinguished. The turtles are turned upon their backs when found upon the shore, picked up at leisure, and carried to different places upon the river. Frequently they are kept the year round in pens properly constructed, and one such that we saw at Villa Nova contained nearly one hundred. During the summer months they constitute a great proportion of the food of the people; but when we consider their vast numbers, a long period must elapse before they sensibly diminish. Their average weight when taken is from fifty to seventy-five pounds, but many are much larger. Where they go after the breeding season no one knows, for they are never observed descending the river; but from below Pará, more or less, are seen ascending every season. They are mostly caught at this time in the lakes of clear water which so plentifully skirt either shore, and generally are taken with lances or small harpoons as they are sleeping on the surface. But the Muras have a way of capturing them peculiar to themselves—shooting them with arrows from a little distance, the arrow being so elevated, that, in falling, it strikes and penetrates the shell. In this even long practice can scarcely make perfect; and fifty arrows may be shot at the unconscious sleeper before he is secured.'

We now give an anecdote of a parrot that is worth all the rest of the natural history in the volume. 'Where we stopped next morning, the 14th, the whole region had been overflowed upon our ascent. Now the waters had fallen three feet, and the land was high and dry, and covered by a beautiful forest. While at this place, extraordinary noises from a flock of parrots at a little distance attracted our attention. At one instant all was hushed; then broke forth a perfect Babel of screams, suggestive of the clamour of a flock of crows and jays about a helpless owl. It might be that the parrots had beleaguered one of these sun-blinded enemies, or perhaps the assembly had met to canvass some momentous point—the overbearing conduct of the araras, or the growing insolence of the paroquets. Guns in hand, we crept silently towards them, and soon discovered the cause of the excitement. Conspicuously mounted upon a tree-top stood a large green parrot, while around him, upon adjacent branches, were collected a host of his compeers. There was a pause. "Oh Jesu—u!" came down from the tree-top, and a burst of imitative shrieks and vociferous applause followed. "Ha, ha, ha—a!" and Poll rolled his head, and doubled up his body, quite beside himself with laughter. Tumultuous applause and encores. "Ha, ha, ha, Papaguri—a!" and he spread his wings, and began to dance on his perch with emphasis. The effect upon the auditory was prodigious, and all sorts of rapturous contortions were testifying their intelligence, when some suspicious eye spied our hiding-place, and the affrighted birds hurried off, their borrowed notes of joy ludicrously changed to natural cries of alarm. Complacent Poll! he had escaped from confinement, and with his stock of Portuguese was founding a new school among the parrots.'

The traveller found the parrots with which he had freighted his boat on the return somewhat troublesome creatures. 'We longed to know what sort of arrangements Noah made for his parrots. Thus far ours had been left pretty much to their own discretion, and the necessity for an immediate "setting up of family government" was hourly more urgent. The macaw, no-wise contented with his elevation, had climbed down,

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and was perpetually quarrelling with a pair of green parrots, and all the time so hoarsely screaming, that we were tempted to twist his neck. The parrots had to have a pitched battle over every ear of corn, and both they and the macaw had repeatedly flown into the water, where they but narrowly escaped a grave. There were two green parrots, and one odd one, prettiest of all, with a yellow top, and they could not agree any better than their elders. Yellow-top prided himself on his strength, and considered himself as good as a dozen green ones; while they resented his impudence, and scolded away in ear-piercing tones that made the cabin an inferno. At other times they all three banded together, and, trotting about deck, insulted the parrots with their impertinences. When a flock of their relations passed over, the whole family set up a scream which might have been heard by all the birds within a league; and if a duck flew by, which was very often, our geese would call in tones like a trumpet, and the gannet would shrilly whistle. When we came to the shore, we were obliged to shut up our protégés in the tolds, or they were sure to scramble up the nearest limb, or fly into the water, and swim for the bank. Really it would have troubled a Job, but we could see no relief. At length the 'family government' was set up. 'As the first overture thereto, a rope was crossed a few times in the tolds. Upon this the arara and the parrots were placed, with the understanding that they might look out of the door as much as they pleased, and be invited thence at regular hours to their meals, but that further liberties were inadmissible and unattainable; so there they sat, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. The parrots were stationed at the afterpart of the cabin, and the change which had come over one of the green ones from Barra was amusing. She had been the wildest and crossdest little body on board, always resenting favours, and biting kindly hands. But since the lately-received young ones had been put with her, she had assumed all the watchfulness of a mother, feeding them, taking hold of their bills, and shaking them up to promote digestion, and generally keeping them in decent order. She had no more time to gad about deck, but, soberly inclined, with the feathers of her head erect and matronly, she stuck to her corner, and minded her own business. Meanwhile Yellow-top looked on with the calm dignity of a gentleman of family.'

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

THE account we were able to present some months ago of the methods pursued for educating juvenile idiots at the Bicêtre, Paris, has led to numerous inquiries on the subject. From various parts of the country, we have received letters from parents, whose hapless fate it is to have a child weak in intellect. The writers of these letters have our warmest sympathy: we would, if we could, gladly alleviate their misfortune. Nor are we without hopes that some of them at least, by pursuing certain plans, may have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing their mentally-defective offspring endowed with an increased measure of intelligence. As every little piece of information on the methods of training children of this unfortunate class seems to be eagerly received, we shall endeavour to present a brief and explicit analysis of the various means employed to produce, in these forlorn creatures, results at once surprising and gratifying. As the simplicity, practicability, and success of the system becomes better known, it is fondly hoped that the benevolent portion of the community may be moved with a desire to establish in this country similar institutions to those which are now effecting so much benefit in France, Germany, and Switzerland.*

* A few days after the above was committed to paper, intelligence reached us that an institution had already been opened by a

Although somewhat derogatory to the office of tuition, yet for practical purposes, and for the sake of clearness, it may be as well to treat of the school-room in the light of a manufactory, in which certain moral agencies are brought into successive operation, so as to work out, refine, and render serviceable these rude specimens of human nature. And first as respects the raw material. It may be said to be presented to our notice in various degrees of inferiority; marked, however, by general characteristics, consisting chiefly in the absence of certain properties which are considered indicative of a natural and fully-formed mental organisation. Taken in the most inferior degree, sensibility appears to be at such a low ebb, that the ordinary appetites necessary to the preservation of life are not felt, and no traces whatever of the higher endowments are at all discoverable. Fortunately, the aggregate amount of cases belonging to this, the lowest order of idiots, is very small. Tracing development upwards from this lowest degree, we arrive at a point somewhat in advance, but still very greatly below the natural standard. It is now ascertained, that among the general population of the country there are a very considerable number belonging to this body of idiots. With them the instinctive propensities are in active operation, the organs of sense are tolerably perfect, but there exists little or no appreciation of objects presented to them; the guiding powers, intellectual and moral, are entirely absent, and consequently the instinctive appetites are uncontrolled and irregular. Proceeding still higher, we arrive at a class who have the capacity to acquire some imperfect idea of whatever comes within the range of their observation, and have some faint notions of duty. They are able to imitate, in the performance of the simplest occupations, those who are placed in authority over them; but, from want of due tuition, they are suffered to pass through life without experiencing the enjoyments and benefits derivable from that systematic cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties of which they are capable.

Thus the sensations and perceptions of idiots may be said to be confined within certain limits more or less narrow and circumscribed; some having an organisation so low and imperfect, that to all outward appearances they do not stand in the moral scale much higher than the more sagacious of the lower animals; whereas others are endowed with that amount of faculty which raises them to the confines of a well-known class of persons denominated in ordinary conversation silly, or feeble-minded.

Some idea of the proportionate number of persons born with these various degrees of deficiency may be formed, when we state that in England and Wales it is computed that in the workhouses alone there are no fewer than four thousand. These being, generally speaking, the idiots belonging only to one grade in society, the total number must necessarily be very great. In the mere consideration of numbers, we should also take notice of individuals not congenitally defective, but who, soon after birth, have been attacked with some affection or other disturbing the function of the cerebral organ. Many of these present similar phenomena to those observed in the naturally idiotic, and require similar treat-

few ladies at Bath. An opportunity of paying a visit to this admirable establishment presenting itself about the same time, we had the gratification of finding, that although so lately set on foot, very great progress had been made with the pupils, among some of whom peculiar difficulties had been successfully surmounted by the discretion and sincere earnestness of those who have, by devoting their time and energies to the task, set a laudable example to the benevolent in other parts of the country.

ment, subject, however, to certain regulations, which we hope to be able to touch on in the sequel. For the present, we desire to confine the attention of the reader to the consideration of the steps calculated to elevate and improve the creature imperfectly developed at birth.

We refrain from the contemplation, in all its bearings, of the evil tendency arising out of the present condition of such parties both to themselves and society at large. As we wish our remarks to be confined to the training of the truly idiotic, we also pass by the consideration of the state of that large class of feeble-minded persons—the inmates of workhouses and prisons.

It has, until within a very few years, been deemed useless to devote any attention to the idiot beyond providing him with animal comforts or necessities, and taking such care of him as to insure his safety and health. It never was imagined that aught else could be done for him with any chance of benefit. Most persons would have laughed at the idea of attempting the education of any one destitute of ordinary faculties. It is only now beginning to be seen that much may be accomplished by developing and quickening, by various means, the imperfect faculties possessed by these unfortunate beings. The idiot, created with senses perfectly formed, and capable of transmitting impressions, but with a brain incapable of receiving and recording them, sees, feels, and hears, but does not understand. The main object of the kind of education referred to is to overcome this (to speak in familiar language) numbness of the brain. It is accomplished by judicious exercise of the bodily powers, by the application of appropriate stimuli to each organ of sense; and it is the systematic and graduated arrangement of these, as well as the application of them in different degrees of intensity, which constitutes the basis of the system.

Most idiotic children are wayward, inattentive to habits of decency, and addicted to various vicious propensities. In conducting a system of training, therefore, the first efforts should be so directed as to encounter and overcome these disgusting peculiarities by appropriate means, which will be readily suggested to the mind of the devoted tutor. When this first step in the task of reformation is accomplished, the attention of the pupil is to a certain extent brought into operation, and some degree of obedience is obtained. At the same time that means are directed to this desirable end, attempts should be made to overcome the incessant restlessness and automatic movements observable in most cases of idiocy. The child should be placed on a low chair, while the tutor, taking one directly opposite, brings his knees in contact with those of his pupil. The hands should then be gently grasped, placed on the knees, and kept in this position a longer or shorter time according to the condition and temper of the patient. By following this plan day after day, a degree of control over the irregular action of the muscles is created, and an amount of repose is produced favourable to future impressions. As soon as this capability of quiescence is, by frequent practice, fully confirmed, attempts should be made to regulate muscular action. This is accomplished by causing the pupil to assume various attitudes; as, for instance, to stand, to sit, to place the feet in different positions, walk to time, hold up first one hand, then the other, use dumb-bells, lift and handle objects. In performing these exercises, the tutor should stand before the pupil, and should assume the various positions, so as to produce not only a voluntary and regular muscular action, but also excite and cultivate the faculty of imitation in the pupil.

The above course of practice is applicable to restless cases; but there are some idiots in whom an opposite condition is observable. Little or no tendency to muscular action is manifested, and they would, if permitted,

remain their whole lives listless, inactive, the joints ultimately becoming rigid, and the once improvable creature ending his days in a state of helpless decrepitude. Judicious regimen, gentle frictions, and passive motion of the limbs, followed by suitable gymnastic and entertaining exercises, will in general be productive of increased power and disposition to motion.

Several expedients may be adopted with a view of attempting to generate in these subjects a capacity of moving the limbs in subjection to, as well as independently of, the will. Such, for instance, as causing the pupil to grasp a fixed object with the hands, so as to aid in the support of the body. This exercise can be practised with most advantage when a small and suitable ladder is employed. It should be placed against the wall, and the hands brought so as to grasp one of the bars situated at such a distance that the feet just rest on the floor. By causing the pupil to support himself in this manner, first on that side of the ladder usually ascended, then on the opposite side, the tendency to crouch and sink down is diminished, and he ultimately acquires a capability of standing in the erect posture. As soon as this is accomplished, he should, by the assistance of the tutor, be made to stand with one leg on the margin of a step, so that the other remains free and without obstruction. A heavy shoe being placed on this foot, the limb should be gently swung backward and forward, until, by the repetition of the exercise, he has become capable of accomplishing this motion through his own efforts. In a similar manner the arms may be brought into action by means of dumb-bells; and lastly, by causing alternate motions of the legs, and placing various objects in the fingers, the faculties of walking and using the hands are acquired.

We may here remark, that whilst exciting and regulating muscular action, as well as cultivating the faculty of imitation, it will be desirable to repress any tendency to grimace or uncouth sounds, by placing a finger on the lips whenever such unmeaning actions emanate from the pupil.

The utmost patience in performing these exercises is absolutely necessary on the part of the instructor, and probably, after many wearying days, he may begin to dread a failure; but the recollection of the small share of capacity in the object under tuition, will assure him that the cultivation of it is an undertaking which must necessarily require much time and untiring efforts to arrive at satisfactory results.

As soon as the pupil has acquired a degree of control over the voluntary muscles, the various organs of sense should be suitably stimulated and exercised, so that they may ultimately become capable of conveying to the mind some idea of the properties and relations of external objects. The means by which this end is effected are simple and easily applied; but in order that they may be effective, the impressions should, in the first instance, be made as distinct as possible, so as to excite, in the strongest degree, the particular sense under cultivation. A systematic application of objects having opposite properties should accordingly be made to each organ of sense. Thus, for instance, in order to exercise the sense of touch, the hand should be alternately applied to surfaces very rough and very smooth, as well as placed in water heated to a bearable degree in one vessel, and then in another containing very cold water. As respects the sense of taste, the opposites—bitter, sweet; hot, cold; savoury and insipid—will serve the purpose of bringing into activity the gustatory nerves.

During the application of these different stimulants of sense, the appropriate word should be repeated by the tutor—thus, rough, smooth; hot, cold, &c.—so as to impress the mind of the pupil with the name given to the various properties of matter, as well as stimulate the individual sense brought into action.

In a future number, we hope to communicate further information respecting the combined influence of agents

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on the senses, as well as the cultivation of the moral powers, and the means employed to impart instruction in various handicrafts.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

— 'I know that all men hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love—
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love—
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.'—MILMAN.

The following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Alloyd on the convict prisons of France:—

'It is now some years,' says this writer, 'since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favour of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl who passed before me several times, casting an anxious and longing look towards the building in which the ropeworks were carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognised her. I had seen her the preceding evening at the house of the gatekeeper, and had then been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Eutrope, the peasant to whom she was betrothed, was acquainted with the guilt of his future father-in-law, for the same village had been their home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict; but Tiennette was beloved, and Eutrope's affection for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful result might arise from their union.

'He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that this father, who in the eyes of the law was dead, who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tiennette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the author of her days, only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage-contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Eutrope had long resisted this wish of Tiennette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with an unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a well-looking youth, with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed.

'I took upon myself to interpret to him the wishes of Tiennette. I told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that no laws, judges, or jurics can unloose the ties of nature; and that the filial piety of Tiennette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtues of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes were fastened on the countenance of Eutrope. She watched its every movement, as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Eutrope listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speaking, he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tiennette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps towards the prison. I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to consider my presence as useful in confirming the vacillating resolutions of her lover, encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the

hospital. We silently traversed the long court, and mounted the staircase. When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Eutrope and Tiennette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope, whilst Tiennette approached her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his sunburnt countenance. The turnkey who had introduced the two young people into the ward, remained gazing upon the scene; a good Sister of Charity supported the sick man; he took the pen which was handed him, glanced over the marriage-contract, which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonoured name. Then stretching towards Tiennette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Eutrope, who looked at it with a bewildered stare; whilst another rustled against the dress of Tiennette, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon his pillow. Tiennette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand furtively under the coverlid. The turnkey had that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Eutrope, who seemed ill at ease, made a sign to Tiennette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the wards, the young girl said to Eutrope, "The step which we have now taken will bring us a blessing." They then entered together the chapel of the Civil Hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart, which bore them back to their native village.

'Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who didst not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honour a guilty father.'

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH POVERTY.

In last number, we gave a picture of Irish manners sixty years ago, and we are now presented with one drawn from personal observation in the present day.* Between the two, strikingly different as they are, there seems a strange connection. In the one, the gentry are abetted in their worst vices by the peasantry; and in the other, the lower classes, while generally reformed themselves, are represented as being despised and oppressed by their former idols, and yet licking the foot that spurns them. But we are inclined to think that Mrs Nicholson, in the occasional parallels she draws between the two ranks of society, works under the influence of a foregone conclusion. She visited Ireland for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the poor, and the amount of their wrongs—not to speculate on the causes of the poverty, and trace out the injustice to its source; and accordingly the rich or the titled appeared to her to be all cold-hearted tyrants; and the destitute to be a body of miserable, pious, ignorant—angels. That there was some considerable prejudice on her part, or some unfortunate peculiarity of temper, is evident from the nature of the accusation she most frequently brings against the gentry

* Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger: or Excursions through Ireland in 1844 and 1845, for the Purpose of Personally Investigating the Condition of the Poor. By A. Nicholson, of New York. London: Gilpin.

—not merely want of kindness and politeness to a foreigner and a gentlewoman, but downright insolence and brutality. This will not be believed anywhere, and least of all in Ireland; and yet we are of opinion that Mrs Nicholson writes not one syllable which she does not conscientiously imagine to be true. She is evidently a right-hearted, though a wrong-headed woman; and the narrative she gives of her patient, though often penniless wanderings, hungry and weary, heart-sore and foot-sore, is often affecting in its simplicity and good faith.

It will be observed that her investigations of the condition of the poor were made *before* the failure of the potato crop; and yet her pictures are so appalling, that it is impossible to conceive a 'lower' in this 'lowest deep' of degradation and despair. Such shadows we have no intention to transfer to our pages; but there is one bit of misery, so strangely enlivened by a gleam of sunlight, that it is difficult to know how to class it. This is the portrait of Happy Molly. 'The next day I was to leave for Urlingford, and the lady of the house where I stopped said, "You must see an old woman we have in our cellar; she's the wonder of us all. She sleeps on a handful of straw, upon some narrow boards, a few inches from the floor, without pillow or any covering but a thin piece of a blanket and the clothes she wears through the day." She goes to mass at five in the morning with a saucepan, and fills it with holy water, which she offers to every friend she meets, telling them it will insure good luck through the day, and then sprinkles it about her room.' At this moment Molly, unobserved, stole softly upon us. When I met her laughing eye, and still more laughing face, I could not refrain from laughing too. Her cheeks were red, as though the bloom of sixteen rested upon them; her hair was white, yet her countenance was full of vivacity. She looked the "American lady" full in the face, and pressing my hand, said, "Welcome, welcome; good luck, good luck to ye, mavourneen! Come into my place, and see how comfortable I am fixed." We followed to Happy Molly's cellar; five or six stone steps led us into a dark enclosure, with a stone floor, which contained all that Happy Molly said she needed.

"Where do you sleep, Molly?"

"Taking me by the arm, she pointed to the corner behind the fireplace—"Here! here! and look, here is my blanket" (which was but a thin piece of flannel); "and here, you see, is an old petticoat, which the woman where I stopped pulled out of my box, and tore it in pieces, ma'am, because I couldn't pay two pennies for my rent; and then, ye see, ma'am, I came here; and, praise God, they be so kind; oh, I couldn't tell ye how kind!"

"Where's your pillow, Molly?"

"Oh, I want no pillow, ma'am, and I sleep so warm."

"And where are your children, Molly?"

"Some of them gone to God, and some of them gone abroad, I don't know where; I never sees them. They forgets their ould mother. I nursed six, and one for a lady in Dublin. I never gave them any milk from the cow."

"Had you a cow, Molly?"

"A cow! and four too; and a good husband."

"And you are happy now, Molly?"

"And why shouldn't I be? I have good friends, and enough to eat; a comfortable room, and good bed."

"Where do you get your food?"

"Oh, up and down, ma'am."

"She did not beg; but all who knew her, when they saw her, would ask, "Well, Molly, have you had anything to-day?" If not, a bit was given her. She is very cleanly, and always healthy. When I was leaving, I stepped down to say "good-by." She was sewing on a bench at the foot of the stone steps, and when she found I was going, she seized my hand and kissed it, saying, "Good luck, good luck, American lady—the good God will let us meet in heaven."

'God surely "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb" in Ireland. Such unheard-of sufferings as poor Erin has endured, has drawn out all kinds of character except the very worst.'

This gaiety has frequently been mentioned as a remarkable trait in Irish character; but another instance of it, cited by our authoress, is still more melancholy than the light-heartedness of Happy Molly. 'When I returned to the doctor's, I found among his beneficiaries a pale young girl of nineteen, interesting in her manners, who had come there with threatening symptoms of a decline. She possessed all the Irish vivacity; and though with a severe cough and husky voice, yet she was always in a cheerful mood; and her lively song and merry laugh told you that her heart was buoyant, though pain often held her eyes waking most of the night. Her voice was sweet as the harp, and often, when I heard it at a distance, could not persuade myself but it was a flute. She had stored her memory with the songs of her country, and her company was always acceptable among her class on account of this acquirement, as well as the power of mimicry, which she eminently possessed. She would screen herself from sight behind some curtain, and go through a play, performing every part, and sing with the voice of a man or a woman, as the case might require. One night she had been amusing us in this way, when she appeared from behind the screen, and a marble-like paleness was over her face. I said to her, "I fear you have injured yourself?" She answered not, but sat down and sung "The Soldier's Grave" in so pathetic a manner that I wished myself away. They were sounds I had heard in my native country, but never so touching; because the voice that made them was so young, and probably soon would be hushed in death. Even now, while writing, I hear her sweet voice humming a tune in the chamber where she sits alone in the dark. She is of humble birth, and her mother is a widow, and she has had no assistance of education to raise her above the poorest and most ignorant peasant; yet nature has struggled, or rather genius, through many difficulties, and placed her where, even now, she appears to better advantage than many who have been tolerably educated; but the flower is apparently drooping, and must soon fall from the stem. Yet she will laugh and sing on, even when those about her are weeping at her premature decay. Last evening, a dancing-master came in with a little son, each of them having a fiddle, and the music and dancing commenced. Mary (for that is the invalid's name) was asked to dance, and complied; and with much ease and grace performed her part. This, no doubt, she would not hesitate to do while her feet could move, did she know there was but a week between her and the grave. From childhood she has been taught to practise it, till it is interwoven in her very nature, and has become part and parcel of herself.' It is not stated what was the fate of poor Mary; but there can be little doubt that

'Ainsi qu' Ophélie, par le fleuve entraîné,
Elle est morte en couillant des fleurs.'

But another Mary is, to our thinking, the gem of the book. The traveller being disappointed in a remittance, was compelled to make a long journey on foot, living on scanty meals of potatoes, and sleeping at night in the wretched cabins of the peasantry. Her funds were at length reduced to a few pence; but she was on the way to a rich man's house, to which she had been directed by a friend. 'It was a sad night; a small parasol was a miserable defence against the furious wind and pelting rain; and yet I felt more composed and less shrinking than I do now while writing it. I had not the least anxiety. I neither knew nor cared what was before me. I saw a faint light in a cabin-window some perches from the road, and felt my way to it, and inquired the distance to the castle. "A short half mile; but ye'll be destroyed in the staurm. Ye had better stop a bit." Telling them I must go on,

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they stood in the cabin-door till I had reached the path, and, as well as I could, I made my way forward.' Arrived at 'the castle,' she met, as was usual with her at such places, with neglect or rudeness, and was compelled to find her way back through the storm to the humble cabin. 'Mary now had enough to do to make the stranger comfortable; a pile of dry turf was added, lighting up a whitewashed cabin, and white-scoured stools, table, and cupboard, which amply compensated for every other inconvenience. She had nothing but the potato and turnip, and "Sure ye can't ate that?"

"Put on the pot," said Will; "it's better than nothin' to her cowl'd and wet stomach." When the potatoes and turnips were boiled, they were mashed together, some milk and salt added, put upon a glistening plate, a clean bright cloth spread upon the deal table, and Mary sat down, groaning at the "strangeness of the master, and the miserable supper of the bidable woman."

"And where will you sleep, Mary?" asked the guest. "Do not let me turn you from your bed."

"And that you want. I'll find the comfortable place for my bones." I was led to the bedroom, and in this floorless cabin what did I there see? A nice bedstead, a clean covering, two soft flannel blankets, and linen sheets, white and glossy with starch, and curtains about the bed as white as bleaching could make them. The feathers were stirred in a narrow compass, to make the bed softer, so that but one could have room in it, and in this I was put; then a clean flannel was heated by the fire, and put about my shoulders, another about my feet, "to take the cowl'd and pain out of my wairy bones."

"When Mary had finished putting the covering snugly about me, she placed the curtains closely around the bed, and softly went to the kitchen hearth. The door she left open, and I could see what passed there. She crept to a stool, and kneeling down, she prayed. Yes, unlettered as she was, I believe she prayed; and I believe God heard that prayer. She arose, and leaning her face upon her hands, she sat, gently swinging her body, now and then looking towards my bed, and waited till she thought me to be asleep. Then putting her cloak about her, she crept stealthily into my room, and peeped through the curtain. Seeing my eyes closed, she carefully put the drapery together, and crawled behind me upon the naked bed-frame—for she had put the bed all under me—and in a few moments this unsophisticated, practical, humble Christian was asleep. She did not intend I should know she was there; and why? Lest I should think she had made sacrifices for me. Was this doing her good works to be seen of men? Did I sleep? Not much. Gratitude to the kind Mary, and, more than all, gratitude to God, that he had brought me to see, in this day's and night's adventure, the practical import of the parable of the good Samaritan, kept me waking."

With the following sketch of a seminary of learning in Connemara we must conclude:—"We next called at a cabin, where a number of children had collected, to whom we gave books. Finding they attended a school near, we entered the school-room, and may I never see the like again! In one corner was a pile of potatoes, kept from rolling down by stones, on which the ragged, bare-footed children were seated. In another corner was a pile of cart-wheels, which were used for the same purpose; and in the middle of the room was a circular hole made in the ground for the turf-fire. Not a window, chair, or bench could be seen. The pupils, with scarcely a book, looked more like children who had sheltered themselves there in a fright, to escape the fury of a mad animal, or the tomahawk of some yelling savage, than those who had assembled for the benefit of the light of science. This was a Connemara school, and it was all they could do. I had seen, sprinkled all over Ireland, schools in miserable cabins, where were huddled from forty to seventy in a dark room without a chimney; but they had benches to sit upon, and their school-room was upon the

wayside, while this one was in a wet backyard. Those parents who are able, pay a penny a-week; those who are not, pay nothing; while the wealthiest among them pay half-a-crown a-quarter. I saw many schools of this kind, where the child takes a piece of turf under his arm, and goes two miles, and sometimes three, without breakfast. In many parts of the south, and among the mountains, they could eat but once in the day from Christmas to the next harvest, and this meal is generally from two till three o'clock."

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE following information on the present position of the slave trade, collected from a number of parliamentary reports, appears in a London newspaper (the Globe):—

"We gather from this mass of papers, that the progress yet made towards the suppression of the slave trade by force is very small. The trade is now, apparently, carried on principally for the supply of the Brazilian demand. There the force of popular opinion, and the weakness of the government, combine to render futile all attempts to oppose any effectual opposition to the landing and sale of the slaves when they arrive. The sole check to the trade is found in the risk of capture on or near the African coast. After the loss of several vessels in succession, the dealers are for a while unwilling to speculate. But the arrival of one or two cargoes in safety revives their hopes, and the traffic is renewed with all its former vigour. During the war in China, the British force cruising for the capture of slavers was reduced. The slave trade then increased very considerably. When the war was over, and the cruising squadron was strengthened, it declined. The year 1845, in particular, was a bad one for the Brazilian slave-dealers. But in January 1846, two vessels succeeded in reaching Bahia with their cargoes in safety, and landed, one 818, and the other—a yacht of fifty-one tons—160 slaves. In March, the brig *Tres Amigos* landed at the same port 1350 slaves; and a few days afterwards the yacht *Amelia*, 169 tons, landed 346 more. Much of this success undoubtedly arose from the failure of Mr Hamilton, in December 1845, to obtain a new treaty with the Brazilian government, and the subsequent neglect of the authorities to do anything whatever to discourage the trade. Its immediate result is told in a despatch from our consul at Bahia, dated 4th May 1846. He says—"In consequence of the capture of ten or twelve vessels from this port during the past year, the slave dealers were much dispirited; and some of the principal ones had commenced breaking up their establishments on the coast. The arrival alluded to (that of the *Tres Amigos*) has, however, caused a reaction. Six vessels have again been fitted out for this detestable traffic, two of which have already sailed."

"In the three months ending 30th of June 1846, five vessels fitted as slavers left Bahia in ballast, and three arrived, and landed 1260 slaves. Before the 30th September, five more vessels landed, at the same port, 1878 slaves; and several were sent out fitted for the trade. Our consul, writing in September, says—"Every facility is now given for the landing of slaves in all parts of the province, and even within the precincts of this city. As no effort is made by the authorities to put a stop to this proceeding, it gives an additional impetus to the slave dealers to fit out a greater number of vessels for the express purpose of bringing slaves to this place. The number of vessels now returned is double that of the preceding quarter."

"The returns from Rio afford no information as to the number of slaves landed there in 1846. At Pará, it appears that the slaves form but a small proportion of the coloured population, and that a very few had recently been brought there. At Paraíba, also, the trade prevailed only to a very limited extent. From Pernambuco, the British consul, writing in April 1846, says—"For the last eighteen months no vessel has safely landed a full cargo of slaves from Cape St Roque to the Rio San Francisco; they have invariably, in part or whole, been seized and appropriated to themselves or friends, by the government officer at the different districts." The British commissioner, however, estimated the total illicit importation of African slaves into Brazil, in 1845, at 16,000, or less by nearly 3000 than in the year before. The actual number imported in 1846 was probably not far from twice that number."

' Besides the Brazilian ports, the chief markets for fresh importations of African slaves are in Cuba and Porto Rico. Early in 1846 Mr Bulwer obtained from the Spanish government a promise to forbid the connivance of their colonial governors in the trade; and, accordingly, since May in that year, O'Donnell, the captain-general of Cuba, has been acting under orders to discourage the landing of slaves, and to afford us all requisite facilities for preventing their importation. There is abundant reason for believing that such obedience as he gives to these orders is much against his will; and there is a strong party in the island always prepared to assist him in evading or neglecting them. So also at Porto Rico, the governor declares, that as the trade is now unlawful, he will not permit it to be carried on; but there is little reliance to be placed upon his ability to prevent it, even though we admit the sincerity of his desire to do so.

The owners of the ships and cargoes taken in the slave trade are almost invariably Spaniards, Portuguese, or Brazilians. Italians are sometimes met with among the crews. The vessels are very frequently of American origin, chosen for their sailing qualities, and for the cheapness of their materials. American seamen have been found in slavers, but there is generally evidence of their having been entrapped. They are engaged in American ports before the transfer of the vessel to the slave-dealer, and before her destiny is known; and when they arrive on the coast of Africa, are driven to choose between being left there to shift for themselves, and coming home with the risk of capture. The American flag is frequently used to cover the vessel through the preliminary proceedings, and down even to the moment of putting the slaves on board; and for this reason—the United States not allowing a right to search vessels so covered to any cruisers except her own—the risk of detection and stoppage is thus altogether avoided, unless an American vessel of war happen to be in the neighbourhood.'

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It is mentioned by the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' that pine-apples have this summer been grown and ripened in the open air in Devonshire. The plants employed in the experiment were of different varieties, had never been subjected to fire-heat at any time, and were not exposed to the air till after they had blossomed, and the fruit had set. It thus appears that so tender a plant as the pine-apple may be enabled to bear full exposure to the air of May, June, and July, in this climate, by a little judicious management. In this instance, the cold winds were kept off by mounds raised around the plants; a sufficiency of earth-heat was obtained by sinking the pots in leaves still capable of fermentation; and a genial night atmosphere was obtained by covering the sloping sides of the mounds with a black substance (charred grass), which absorbed the solar heat during the day, and gave it off gradually after nightfall.

Professor Erdmann of Dorpat, who is travelling in the south of Russia, has just discovered, in the neighbourhood of Odessa, a great many skeletons and fossil bones of animals not now inhabiting this region of the globe. Among them are remains of elephants and rhinoceroses, creatures whose habitats are strictly tropical, and which could not now exist even in the most genial districts of Europe. The bones were found immediately under a calcareous deposit of recent origin; thus proving that at no very distant date, geologically speaking, Europe was peopled with huge pachyderms, similar to those luxuriating in the swamps and jungles of India and Africa.

Experiment has already subjected man and a number of the lower animals to the process of etherisation, and all have been found able to yield to the influence of the potent vapour. Insensibility to pain, or a suspension of nervous irritability, has been the result in every case—the degree of insensibility varying according to constitutional differences, and according to the amount and continuance of the inhalation of the vapour. Not satisfied with these experiments, philosophers have more recently pushed their inquiries into the vegetable kingdom, and have found that etherisation produces analogous effects on plants—destroying the irritability, or so-called sensibility, of such members as the stamens of the common barberry, and the leaves of the sensitive plant and Venus' fly-trap, which are well known to be highly susceptible of contact. As in the case of animals, the plants recover their irritability on exposure to the atmosphere.

From the year 1829 to 1834, the average importation of barilla into this country amounted to 12,600 tons. Now, however, this ash is scarcely to be met with in the market—nearly the whole of the soda consumed in the manufacture of soap, and for other purposes, being obtained from common salt, through the agency of sulphuric acid. The united quantity of soda-ash and soda annually manufactured is calculated to exceed seven times the largest importation of barilla ever made in one year; and this increased consumption is due to the repeal of the salt duty, and to the improvements that have been effected in the preparation of sulphuric acid.

Professor Schönbein, the inventor of the celebrated gun-cotton, is said to have discovered a curious and valuable substitute for glass. It consists of pulp of common paper, made transparent, by causing it to undergo a certain transformation, which the professor calls *catalytic*. With this paper, made water-proof, is manufactured perfectly transparent window-panes, vases, and bottles, which will not be easily fractured.

The most extensive *manual* structure is undoubtedly the great Chinese wall. It is 24 feet high, and 10 feet wide, and reaches to the extent of from 2000 to 2400 miles, over mountains, precipices, and rivers, up to the sea on one side, and the inaccessible mountains of Tibet on the other. The Chinese truly call it one of their wonders of the world—as the stones used for its construction, if placed one beside the other, would suffice to encompass the whole circumference of the globe. The entire history of this construction is wrapt in similar obscurity with that of the Pyramids of Egypt.

It is a well-known fact, that the young of the eel ascend the rivers they frequent in countless multitudes in March and April, and remain there during the summer. 'I have known them,' says Mr Couch of Penzance, 'ascend a small stream for a short distance, when they have been obstructed by a waterfall of about twenty feet high; and yet, on examining the wet moss on the rocks over which the water fell, the eels may be found tortuously winding their way to the stream above. If a stream, from the dryness of the summer, be reduced in size, the eels will quit it, and travel through the wet grass in search of another. I have kept eels,' he continues, 'in confinement, in large basins, but they have generally effected their escape by night, which is their favourite time for moving. Their mode of escaping is remarkable. They commence by throwing their tail over the edge of the vessel; and that organ being a prehensile one, they then lift themselves over, and so escape by their usual tortuous motion.'

The poor diamond, it seems, has been recently undergoing another set of cruel and degrading experiments. At the Oxford meeting of the British Association, Dr Faraday exhibited some diamonds which he had received from M. Dumas, which had, by the action of intense heat, been converted into coke. In one case, the heat of the flame of oxide of carbon and oxygen had been used; in another, the oxyhydrogen flame; and in the third, the galvanic arc of flame from a Bunsen battery of one hundred pairs. In the last case, the diamond was perfectly converted into a piece of coke; and in the others, the fusion and carbonaceous formation were evident. There is still, however, this consolation for the royal gem—that these Goliaths of chemistry have not yet been able to convert 'vulgar charcoal' into reputable diamond; and yet who can say that some of them may not, against next gathering of the savans, exhibit artificial diamonds by the hundredweight?

Like most countries composed of calcareous materials, and which have been visited by successive earthquakes, Syria abounds in caves, stalactitical formations, deep recesses in the limestone, and dizzy ravines spanned by natural arches. Near the source of the Nahr-el-Kelb is a natural bridge, considered, and deservedly so, the greatest curiosity in the country. It is called by the natives Djess-el-Khadir, and is of the following dimensions:—Span 180 feet; height from the water to the summit 160 feet; breadth of the roadway 140 feet; and depth of the keystone 20 feet.

The assertion that the mud in some of the North American lakes exercises an attractive or magnetic influence on the boats sailing above it, is thus corroborated by Sir A. Mackenzie:—At the portage of Matreos, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long, with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the

water. I effect up with diff loaded I could on As for me but I ha spot with scarcely phenom with diff fortunat

ABOUT beautiful culars of with, but shou of childr dor of the nor the latitude While our lanc by a he unfrequ overcas cultivat render lost in drops, his poe shelter: his ent the fam before sheep, sounds how w shed! not loo his sy disease too cl narrow about side, f for the his ch on the first b block, use h health chilled the bu surrou laxati your c sands witho oppor story. ment indic of the did h were, Mr B to acc sceed were was s but I would have may, miles wish *

water. Nevertheless, this sort of mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such, that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. I have been assured that loaded boats have often been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself, I have never been in danger of foundering; but I have several times had great difficulty in passing the spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Sagmaw, where it is with difficulty that a loaded boat is made to advance; but fortunately the spot is only about four hundred yards over.

Column for Young People.

JUVENILE SYMPATHISERS.

ABOUT twelve months ago, Elihu Burritt, in one of his beautiful 'Olive-leaves,' related a circumstance, the particulars of which will make our young friends acquainted with, because we feel assured it will not only interest them, but show the benefits which may arise from the sympathies of children being rightly directed, and prove that the ardour of their warm hearts is not cooled by many waters, nor their feelings confined within the imaginary lines of latitude.

Whilst the great advocate for peace was travelling through our land on his errand of love, he was one evening overtaken by a heavy shower. The day had been fine; but, as is not unfrequently the case in England, the sky became suddenly overcast. The pedestrian was passing through a richly-cultivated district, where nature and art had united to render the spot a perfect paradise, and he was for a time lost in the contemplation of its beauties; but the heavy drops, as they pattered on his shoulders, awoke him from his poetical reverie, and suggested the convenience of a shelter. An open gate stood near, which seemed to invite his entrance, and his ear now for the first time recognised the familiar sound of the anvil. Its monotonous clink had before mingled with the song of the bird, the bleating of sheep, the ripple of the stream, and the many pleasant sounds which gave life and harmony to the scene. But how were his feelings changed on entering that humble shed! not because it spoke of indigence and toil, for he did not look upon the necessity for exertion as an evil in itself: his sympathies were drawn out by the ignorance and disease which he saw prevailing there, from too early and too close application to labour. The occupants of this narrow shed were a man in the meridian of life, and a boy about nine years of age. They had stood there, side by side, for years. The father's earnings being insufficient for the wants of his family, he had been obliged to take his child almost from his mother's arms, and place him on the cold stone on which he then stood. It had at first been placed there that he might reach his father's block, to assist in making nails, and the necessity for its use had continued as he advanced in years; for the unhealthy employment, and that cold, damp stone, had chilled his young blood, stopped his growth, and nipped the buds from his spirit. Dear young reader, you who are surrounded by home comforts, think, in your hours of relaxation and leisure, that hundreds of children, perhaps in your own town, are exposed to a similar fate—that thousands are led from the cradle to the factory or workshop, without time to gain physical strength from exercise, or opportunity for mental culture. But to return to my story. That heart which was so intent on the establishment of national peace and good-will, could not overlook individual suffering, and he strove to awaken the sympathies of the American children for the poor English boy; nor did he find this a difficult task. Their hearts leaped, as it were, across the Atlantic, to assist the unhappy stranger. Mr Burritt proposed that they should raise a subscription to send the lad to school. This proposition was joyfully acceded to, and no less than one thousand half-dimes* were sent over for the purpose. The 23d of last December was a cold, damp day; the morning in London was foggy; but it gave place to what is called a Scotch mist, which would wet an Englishman to the skin, and we doubt not, have a similar effect on an American; but be that as it may, the generous almoner undertook a journey of fifteen miles on foot, in order to convey the precious gift. We wish that our young friends could have seen the little fel-

low, as he stood in a tailor's shop, viewing his own deformed figure arrayed in a new suit of clothes, which he was told had been sent him by the children of a country of which, perhaps, he had never heard, or at least knew as little of as of the inhabitants of the moon, and was further informed that they had paid for him to be sent to school. Oh, it would have been a fine subject for a painter, if he could have caught the bewildered, yet grateful and happy expression of the little English boy, and the benevolent, we might say heavenly, smile of his kind-hearted American friend.

The boy's individual improvement is not the only benefit arising from this charitable action. It is probable that he will make an effort to spread the seeds of knowledge he is receiving; and his young benefactors, having carried out the principles of universal brotherhood in early youth, will be stimulated to further exertion as they advance in life. And will not our young British friends respond to this feeling? Will not their warm hearts suggest means of usefulness, which would show their generosity, and at the same time acknowledge those claims of brotherhood?

BLEACHING.

The operation by which the natural colours of substances are discharged, and they become white or colourless. Bleaching may be performed either by natural means, as exposure to light, air, and moisture, or by chemical agents, as chlorine, chloride of lime, sulphurous acid, &c. In many of the processes adopted for this purpose, both methods are combined. The most important application of the art of bleaching in the United Kingdom is in the manufacture of textile fabrics. The celerity with which this is performed in the most perfect manner, and the trifling expense thereby incurred, contributes, in no small degree, towards inducing that preference universally shown to the productions of the looms of Great Britain. Cotton, from its original whiteness, and little attraction for colouring matter, is more easily bleached than most other substances. On the old plan, it is first well washed in warm water, to remove the weaver's paste or dressing; then 'bucked' (boiled) in a weak alkaline ley; and after being well washed, is spread out upon the grass, or bleaching-ground, and freely exposed to the joint action of light, air, and moisture. The operation of bucking and exposure is repeated as often as necessary, when the goods are 'sour'd' or immersed in water acidulated with sulphuric acid; after which they receive a thorough washing in clean water, and are dried. From the length of the exposure upon the bleaching-ground, this method has been found to injure the texture of the cloth, and, from the number of operations required, necessarily becomes expensive, and produces considerable delay; it has therefore very generally given place to the improved system of chemical bleaching, by means of chloride of lime. In this method, after the first operation of washing and bucking, as in the common process, the cotton is submitted to the action of weak solutions of chloride of lime, and afterwards passed through soured water, when it has only to be thoroughly washed and dried. Linen is bleached in a similar way to cotton, but the operation is more troublesome, from its greater affinity for colouring matter. Wool is first exposed to the joint action of fullers' earth and soap, in the fulling-mill, to remove adherent grease and dirt; and is then well washed and dried, when it is usually found sufficiently white for the purposes of the dyer; but should the slight yellow tint it retains prove objectionable, it is run through water tinged blue with indigo, or it is exposed to the fumes of burning sulphur. The latter method gives it a harsh feel, which is best removed by a bath of soap and water; but this will reproduce its previous yellowness. Silk is bleached by boiling it in white soap and water, to remove the natural yellow varnish that covers it; after which it is subjected to repeated rinsings. Articles that are required to be very white, as gloves, stockings, &c. are also submitted to the action of sulphurous acid, or the fumes of burning sulphur. Straw is also bleached by the fumes of sulphur; hence arises the sulphurous smell emitted by new straw-hats and bonnets. They may, however, be bleached in a much better manner by the use of a little oxalic acid, or chloride of lime. Old rags, for the manufacture of paper and paper pulp, are generally bleached with chlorine. Printed books, engravings, &c. may be whitened by first subjecting them to the action of weak chloride of lime-water; next, to water soured with sul-

* A half-dime is value twopence-halfpenny of English coin.

phuric acid; and, lastly, to pure water, to remove any adhering acid or chlorine.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

VALUE OF EXAMPLE.

The poor woman who, with a scanty wardrobe, is ever neat and clean in her person, amid various and trying duties; is patient, gentle, and affectionate in her domestic relations; with small funds is economical and judicious in her household management—as presenting every day a practical exposition of some of the least lessons in life—may be a greater benefactor of her kind than the woman of fortune, though she may scatter a tithe of a large fortune in alms. The poor man, whose regularity and propriety of conduct co-operate with such a woman, and shows his fellow-workmen or townsmen what temperance, industry, manly tenderness, and superiority to low and sensual temptation can effect in endearing a home, which, like the green spot that the traveller finds in the desert, is bright even amid the gloom of poverty, and sweet even amid all the surrounding bitterness—such a man does good as well as the most eloquent speaker that ever spoke, and the most eloquent writer that ever wrote. If there were a few patriarchs of the people, women as well as men (if I may be excused for admitting the former to a patriarchy), their influence would soon be sensibly felt.—*Mrs Lennox Grimstone.*

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A progress in these must be accompanied by progressive changes in our social and political institutions. That they have not arrived at perfection, the slightest glance at the misery around us is all that is requisite to prove. The supposition that they will not be subject to changes, would imply either that while other kinds of knowledge are daily advancing, the science of social happiness was as complete as the nature of the subject allowed, and therefore susceptible of no improvement; or that the happiness of communities admitted of no addition, their misery of no diminution, from the most thorough insight into the various causes which produced them. The history of every country proves that a knowledge of these causes is one of the most difficult of acquisitions; that on no subject is man more easily deluded, less capable of extensive views, guilty of grosser mistakes, and yet more inveterately pertinacious in thinking himself infallible. Nor is there any subject on which the correction of an apparently small error has teemed with such important benefits to the world.—*Pursuit of Truth.*

TALENT, ACQUIRED AND NATURAL.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind—practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologies and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a faculty in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice.—*Locke.*

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

As we ought not to make the gratification of our external senses the main end of life, so neither ought we to indulge our taste for the more refined pleasures—those called the pleasures of imagination—without some bounds. The cultivation of a taste for propriety, beauty, and sublimity, in objects natural or artificial, particularly for the pleasures of music, painting, and poetry, is very proper in younger life, as it serves to draw off the attention from gross animal gratifications, and to bring us a step farther into intellectual life, so as to lay a foundation for higher attainments. But if we stop here, and devote our whole time, and all our faculties, to these objects, we shall certainly fall short of the proper end of life.—*Priestley.*

FLATTERY.

Wherever there is flattery, there is always a fool in the case: if the parasite be detected, it falls to his share; if he be not, to his whom he deludes.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE PARTY PROCEEDING ON THE TRACK
OF DR LEICHHARDT, THE AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY R. LYND, ESQ.

Ye who prepare with pilgrim feet
Your long and doubtful path to wend,
If, whitening on the waste, ye meet
The relics of my murdered friend—
His bones with reverence ye shall bear
To where some mountain streamlet flows;
There, by its mossy bank, prepare
The pillow of his long repose.

It shall be by a stream whose tides
Are drunk by birds of every wing;
Where every lovelier flower abides
The earliest wakening touch of spring!
Oh meet that ho—(who so carest
All-beauteous Nature's varied charms)—
That he, her martyred son, should rest
Within his mother's fondest arms!

When ye have made his narrow bed,
And laid the good man's ashes there,
Ye shall kneel down around the dead,
And wait upon your God in prayer.
What though no reverend man be near,
No anthem pour its solemn breath,
No holy walls invest his bier
With all the hallowed pomp of death!

Yet humble minds shall find the grace,
Devoutly bowed upon the sod,
To call that blessing round the place
Which consecrates the soil to God.
And ye the wilderness shall tell
How, faithful to the hopes of men,
The Mighty Power he served so well,
Shall breathe upon his bones again!

When ye your gracious task have done,
Heap not the rock above his dust!
The Angel of the Lord alone
Shall guard the ashes of the just!
But ye shall heed, with pious care,
The memory of that spot to keep;
And note the marks that guide me where
My virtuous friend is laid to sleep!

For oh, bethink—in other times
(And be those happier times at hand),
When science, like the smile of God,
Comes brightening o'er that weary land—
How will her pilgrims hail the power,
Beneath the drooping myrtle's bloom,
To sit at eve, and mourn an hour,
And pluck a leaf on Leichhardt's tomb!*

—From *Dr Lang's Cookland.*

* The report of Dr Leichhardt's death proved to be erroneous.

ANECDOTE FOR MOTHERS.

The late Queen Charlotte was exceedingly fond of needlework, and was solicitous that the princesses should excel in the same amusing art. In the room in which her majesty used to sit with her family were some cane-bottomed chairs, and when playing about the princesses were taught the stitches on this rude canvas. As they grew older, a portion of each day was spent in this employment; and, with their royal mother as their companion and instructor, they became accomplished needlewomen.—*Miss Lambert.*

NOTICE.

We gladly mention that the school at Swindon, remarked upon in the leading article of No. 187, is different from the one established in the new village by the Great Western Railway Company. We learn that this seminary is conducted on enlightened principles, and is under the care of an able teacher, handsomely salaried by the Company.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 58 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.